


# IVY LEAVES

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1992-93



Anderson  
College  
Art and  
Literary  
Magazine



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# I Remember

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★ Anonymous ★

I remember my daddy very vaguely. They are memories of a tall, dark man who was always laughing. I remember the fragrant tobacco scent that clung to him, and even today fourteen years later, whenever I pass a tobacco shop I think of him. I remember riding through the snow on his shoulders, perched high above an icy wonderland. I remember dressing up for church and going into the living room where he would be sitting in his big, brown easy chair. "Do I look pretty?" I would ask. He would grin and say, "Yeah, you look pretty, pretty ugly!" Then he would laugh and give me a big bear hug. I remember his teaching me to build my first snowman. And I remember the day he died.

It was an ordinary day, bright and sunny. I was in preschool and my brother was in first grade. I had played on the see-saws, taken my afternoon nap, drank my chocolate milk for a snack—all ordinary, everyday things, unaware that my safe, secure world was falling apart. We were waiting for our ride when we first became aware of our day being different. My Uncle Terry ran up, scooped us into his arms, and swung us around. We were both laughing, delighted because we loved our Uncle Terry. He was almost as big a teaser as daddy. But when we got to the car, Mama was crying. "What is it?" we asked. "What's wrong?" They wouldn't tell us.

When we got home, Mama took us back into my bedroom and we stood on the bed as she explained that my daddy had been in a wreck on the way home from Rock Hill and had been killed. She told us he was in heaven and would not be coming back. After that I don't remember a lot of the following week. I remember all the food and the people. I remember touching Daddy's pale, cold body, nothing like the warm and vibrant man I knew. And I remember the funeral, that gray and dismal day, where it poured rain as if God himself were crying.

My daddy's death affected my life in many ways; like a

railroad track that branches off, my life switched onto a totally different direction. I never moved into the sunny yellow and white room with the canopied bed and flowered wallpaper at the new parsonage. Instead I moved into a tiny trailer next to my granddaddy's house on Lake Secession. I never heard my daddy preach again. Instead I experienced a series of new preachers at Bells United Methodist Church. But those were surface changes.

The big changes were inside. I clung to my mother and big brother, scared that they would leave me too. I became much shyer and introverted, scared to become too close to someone else who would leave without saying good-bye. I was taught too early not to take life for granted. My life was a safe, perfect paradise, but within two minutes on a dark, foggy night it was shattered. That quickly it was gone.

Today I've learned that you have to risk, you have to love, and you have to allow people to get close to you. You have to take that chance on getting hurt. But you also have to tell people how you feel, and you have to make the most of the short, precious time that you have with them, because tomorrow isn't promised.

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David Moore

n. 1. transmitting

2. giving, or giving and-receiving, of information, signals, or messages by talk, gestures, writing, etc.

3. the information; message, etc.

4. a means of communicating; specifically,

a) pl. a system for sending and receiving messages, as by telephone, telegraph, radio, etc.

b) pl. a system for moving troops and material.

c) a passage or way for getting from one place to another.

# Communication

[KƏ-MU'NƏ-KA'SHƏN]

Amanda Hughes '92

Amanda Hughes

The roses bloom,  
The clouds part,  
And the sun glistens  
On the silvery lake.  
The dew drops on the  
Flowers sparkle in  
The light.  
The day moves on and,  
The winds die down.  
The clouds turn rosy red,  
As the sun begins to set.  
The night creeps up slowly,  
So slowly it covers the day  
In a blanket of darkness.  
The stars twinkle and reflect  
Off the gently flowing stream.  
The moon it shines with a magnificent  
Gleam,  
And burns down on the hills  
Showing the grass the way.  
The crickets chirp, the frogs croak  
All in the memory of a day.

## The Memory of a Day

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★ Anonymous ★

# Old Beginnings

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★ Janet Hagen ★

I have not tried my hand at poetry for some time,  
Although I have days when words just naturally seem to  
rhyme.

In my younger, more idealistic days of youth,  
I often put my pen to paper to try to discover "truth."

As years rolled past, the search seemed less urgent,  
My life became decisions revolving around some new detergent!

Kids, a job, a home and "relationship compatibility,"  
Became my "truth" called responsibility!

★ The Thief ★

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Timothy Shawn Poore

Sharp and constantly roaming the corridors of my frame,  
Refusing to cease even when asked to do so,  
Whether walking or sitting, lying down or raising up,  
It pays its unwanted visits.  
No apothecary or powder can abort it.  
Only it knows its origin and when it shall cease,  
Yet it is my Alpha and Omega.  
When will my smiles become true?  
When will I laugh as I once did?  
I must reclaim my stolen youth.  
Please stop, you damnable thief, before I stop you.

# A Dying Mother's ✿ Choice of Love ✿

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Timothy Shawn Poore

Driving through the angry mob  
Whose signs of protest  
Cause self-hate.  
Who am I to Choose?  
Who am I to make such a decision?  
(They act as if I asked for this situation.)  
Yet this must be the best  
I can't let it suffer like its mother has  
I won't allow my mistake to bring my baby suffering.  
It will have dignity in death  
"Jesus loves all the little children of the world," they sing.  
That's why I have made this decision—out of love, God's love.  
And I will shortly see my child in Heaven  
No matter what these signs say.

I bought my smile at a dollar store  
on a two for one sale day.  
I wear the first Monday, Wednesday, Friday,  
and save the second for the other days.  
(At night I take it off and put it away.)  
I sold my dreams at an auction;  
the highest bidder got a deal.  
Only she doesn't know they won't come true,  
so it was I who made the steal.  
I traded my diamonds for dust;  
he got pleasure and I got pain.  
I thought our gifts were equal,  
but it wasn't a fair exchange.

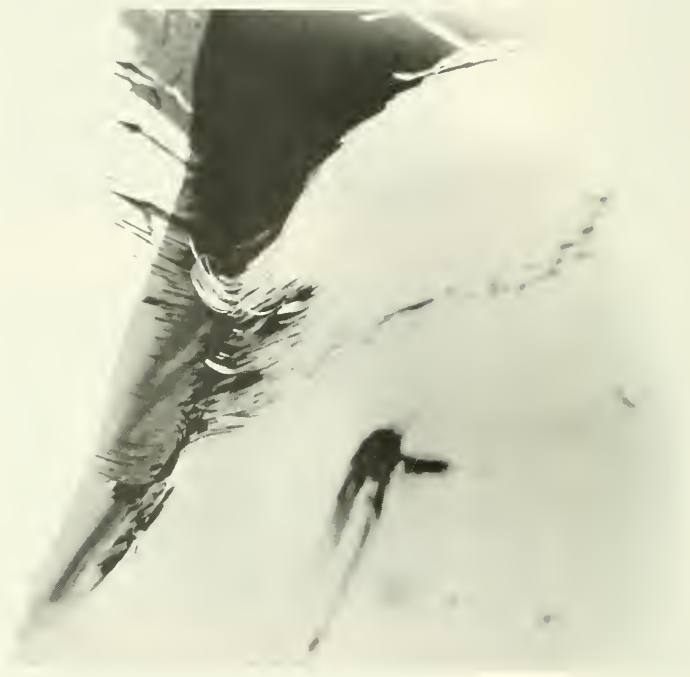
★ U n t i t l e d ★

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Marissa Lee Glover



Karla Fousek



Jeffrey S. Walker

# Ruby on the Wall

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Jo Buckner

The painting on my kitchen wall  
Early work of Mother's friend  
Really is not Ruby, nor beautiful except to me,  
But brings grateful memories, when she graced  
Our home with smooth moves—tall and easy—  
An ordered house, her daily dance.

Feasts of odors tease from the kitchen:  
Meat loaf, corn bread and greens,  
Ginger cake with lemon topping.  
She made sauce from apples off our tree—  
Peelings and cores became juice and jelly—  
“Waste not, want not,” her assurance.

Greater than these pleasures  
I treasure Ruby's calm confidence—  
With much love and a keen switch—  
She taught our first son to obey.  
Her example and advice I took to heart  
She had reared a son, my mother, only me.

Ruby, a child when her mother dies  
Had no schooling past third grade.  
But ironed for “Step-grandmother”  
And each wrinkle earned a whipping.  
Married young, she bore four babies  
Then was widowed at twenty-three.

Alone, she cared for her children,  
Three lived to make her proud.  
She worked, depending on herself  
And her Lord to provide.  
He gave her joy, strength and direction.  
Her son earned his college degree.

The painting spoke wisdom to me,  
“Waste no time in self pity—  
Work life out with prayer and praise.”  
Now my teacher, my friend, is gone,  
But still, she's where she's needed.  
Ruby, now, is on our son's wall.

# No Marker

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Sheri Green

I sit on a straight-back chair, in the middle of the wide open,  
surrounded by flowers.  
There are no people around me, and yet there are quite a few.  
I have no concept of time, seconds melt into minutes and minutes  
drag on to hours.  
The sky above is a solemn one with a strange sort of hue.

The stones surrounding me tell of love and loss; they read of  
lifetimes past.  
The fresh dirt I sit beside now has no marker.  
Time seems to pass so slowly now, but before, time escaped us  
so fast.  
The world in my eyes has become much darker.

Uncovered earth lies at my feet, evidencing the bottomless  
chasm ahead.  
Endless darkness lurks behind every vision my eyes perceive.  
To this solitary place sorrow has been my guide and my reverent  
heart has lead.  
Time will continue tomorrow, and I must make myself believe.

Behind me there is a disturbance of silence as feet are heard  
shuffling through the clearing.  
An uneasy feeling overcomes me and I take a breath of cool air.  
Their hands strain to hold up my grief and my sorrow with the  
weight they are bearing.  
At the beautifully colored flowers I angrily stare.

The shuffling feet walk past me and place my grief and sorrow  
in a timeless hollow.  
Through the tears my eyes shift to see my pain.  
They lower my grief and sorrow into a grave that is not wide  
enough and is too shallow.  
My hopes of the future were dreamed in vain.

The grave is too small to hold my happiness, my memories, and  
my many tears.  
The loose earth at my feet will not fill the emptiness.  
The attractive casket carries with it into eternity my smiles  
and laughter of many years.  
There is still no marker.

The mobile spins slowly overhead—  
just barely out of reach.

Intricate parts  
moving between each other  
bright reds and greens,  
pale pinks and yellows,  
all interacting  
without touching—  
never connecting with each other.

People walk by me—  
just barely out of reach.

Lonely souls  
moving between each other  
fiery tempers and jealous hearts,  
sweet smiles and sunny dispositions,  
all interacting  
without touching—  
never connecting with each other.

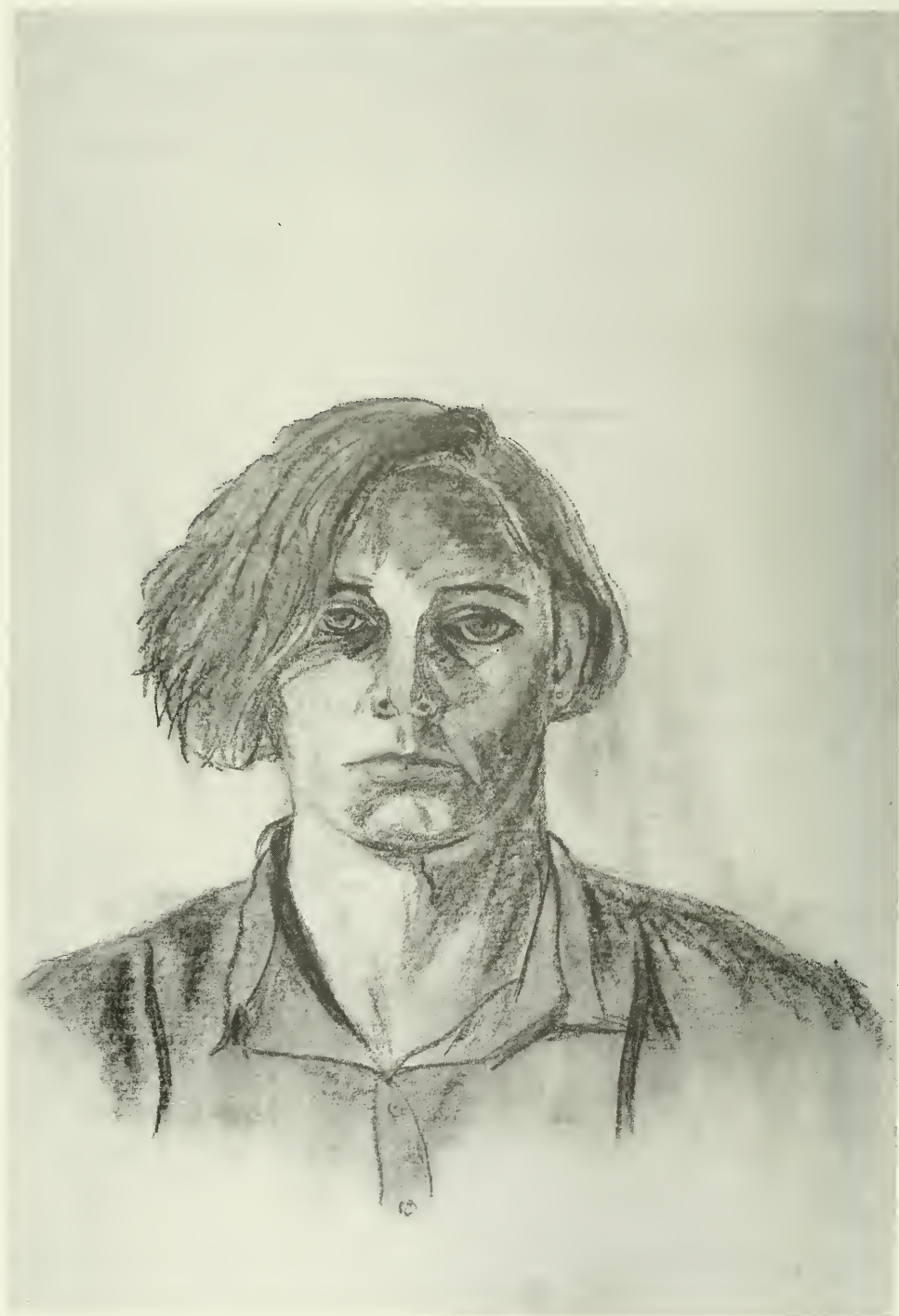
## ★ Out of Reach ★

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Mary Nell Tysinger



Jeffrey S. Walker




David Moore

I don't want to be in class  
listening to a boring teacher  
drumming boring repetitions into my  
brain by rote.


No. I'd rather be sitting in  
a big oak tree  
wondering how the sky got  
to be so blue.

I don't want to be in class  
doing complicated  
Chemistry equations.  
No. I'd rather be walking down  
an old country road  
wondering how the dirt got  
to be so red.

I don't want to be in class  
studying odd-looking maps  
of the solar system.  
No. I'd rather be lying on  
a beach at night staring  
at the stars and  
wondering about my place  
in the universe.



## Wondering



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Mary Nell Tysinger

# Jack-O-Lantern

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★ Margaret B. Hayes ★

You're just  
an old orange piece of pumpkin  
thrown out on the side of the road.  
Once you sat in the farmer's field—  
a delight to his eye.  
He walked among your neighbors  
with eager hands and curious eye,  
Watched you grow and shape  
your rounded form to be agreeable  
for another's eyes.

A part of himself he yielded  
when he let you go,  
The toil of his hands,  
A part of his heart and soul.

Now they have thrown you out,  
Crushed in two large broken pieces,  
Squandered—  
Making food for mice and worms,  
Adding substance to leaves'  
dark undergrowth.

Soon you will be only a memory,  
Coins in the farmer's hand,  
A fond delight of candle-shining  
eyes and mouth to a childish heart  
who shaped you so,  
Becoming nourishment to the  
unseen heart of nature beating  
there on that quiet hill.

# Sunday Morning

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✿ Laura Thorpe ✿

Surrounded by down quilts and pillows, soft,  
An invitation rains against the roof. Balanced  
Between wake and sleep, suspended in a dream  
Place, my imagination takes me driving down  
Some unknown road of the mind. Chanting  
A rhyme, my voice echoes the endless swing  
Of wipers, as I look past raindrops falling  
Upon a dark horizon. Finding strange  
Comfort in the engine's hum, I awake—  
To the gentle purring of my cat.

# Three Haiku

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✿ Laura Thorpe ✿

Baritone bullfrogs  
Commence the dusk concerto;  
The crickets applaud.

Wispy white seed, fly  
To places unknown—become  
A dandelion.

Sea-glazed child, the surf,  
Sparkling, dances at your feet,  
Summer sings in your heart.

Raging fire as far as the eye can see.  
A block of ice quickly melting with each wave.  
Yet it's dark—that's okay since we can feel  
what we seek in these unforgiving flames.

Listen. Touch my chest and you will find  
my sorrow, dread, and happiness in one  
beat. I'm here and I'm waiting to proceed.  
I know, it's dark—It's hard to find your way.

Desire. It's real and yes, it is too real.  
So now we feel this both together, but  
the love, the lust—it's all in one dull beat.  
It climaxes, it plateaus, and then it's lost.

Warm water slowly freezing back to ice.  
You stir with desperate intensity.  
I tried, the desire is no longer there.  
The beat is gone. On fire, floating away.



## D e s i r e



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C r a i g C r i t t e n d o n



Jeffrey S. Walker



Karla Fousek

The end of life is as the beginning.  
Seemingly so different, they are starkly alike.  
We await death as we await birth.  
Not knowing the hour, the moment,  
We brace ourselves, anticipate, prepare.  
The darkest funeral attire is gathered,  
Just as the brightest layette.  
We try to ease, to comfort  
The pains of death as we do the pangs of birth.  
In bidding farewell, as in welcoming,  
The family circles round,  
Enclosing each member in its embrace.



## Embrace



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M a r g a r e t   W o o t e n

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